



SONGS OF JOY

SONGS OF JOY

COMPILED BY

GRACE BECKETT

“The world is so full of a number of things,
I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

R. L. STEVENSON.

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PREFACE

Most of the selections in this book consist of simple lyrics and deliver the heart of the common joys of life. The year and its seasons ; the pageant of day and night ; the sights and sounds of earth and sea ; youth, love, and home ; the joys of the hunting field or tavern ; the fervour of patriotism ; these and the like are themes of which the appeal is universal and as immediate as it may be profound. Side by side with these familiar themes there are a few more abstruse and less sensuous poems of religious faith or philosophic thought.

The poet of epic or drama lays out his argument, draws it up together, and according to his power stirs the mind slowly and progressively over a wide surface ; the perfect lyric is like a sword that pierces at one place, and swiftly, but very far. In making these selections I have tried to bring together poems that go thus instantly to the quick of life, and from divers sides, to include many motives and much experience. I might indeed have arranged them otherwise, and grouped them according to the subjects or in classes, to avoid the abrupt change from one emotion to another, but I thought it better, in a collection of English poetry, to keep to the order of time and note the succession of its moods and manners—how simply people felt and lived in the old days compared

with the complexity of modern life. I do not pretend, however, that this Anthology touches by any means all the great occasions of life or all the moods of joy. My choice has been somewhat random, and the result, as I venture to hope, is none the worse for that.

Such a collection as this may seem to accord very ill with the cloud of doubt and sorrow that is covering this world in these times. And yet gladness and sorrow, if natural and noble, are two ends of a scale, and a good heart must have them both. These songs can abide their season ; meanwhile I trust they may wean the heart of here and there a reader, at any rate for a little while, from its burden of pain.

As far as possible I have followed original spellings throughout, but it would seem pedantic to change the accustomed form of Shakespeare's songs.

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G. BECKETT.

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CUCKOO SONG

SUMER is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu !
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu—
Sing cuccu !

Awe bleteth after lamb,
Lhouth¹ after calle cu ;
Bulluc sterteth,² bucke verteth,³
Murie sing cuccu !

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu :
Ne swike⁴ thu naver nu ;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu !

ANONYMOUS.

JOLLY WAT

CAN I not sing but ‘hoy,’
Whan the joly shepard made so much joy ?

CThe shepard upon a hill he sat ;
He had on him his tabard⁵ and his hat,
His tarbox,⁶ his pipe, and his flagat ;⁷

¹ *lhouth*, loweth. ² *sterteth*, leaps. ³ *verteth*, turneth.

⁴ *swike*, cease.

⁵ *tabard*, short coat.

⁶ *tarbox*, a box containing tar for a sheep salve. ⁷ *flagat*, flask.

SONGS OF JOY

His name was callèd Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a gud herdés boy.
Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard upon a hill was laid ;
His dog unto his girdell was taid¹ ;
He had not slept but a litill braid,²
But 'Gloria in excelsis' was to him said.

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard on a hill he stode ;
Round about him his shepe they yode³ ;
He put his hond under his hode,⁴
He saw a star as rede as blode.

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,
'I will go see yon ferly⁵ sight,
Whereas the angel singeth on hight,
And the star that shineth so bright.'

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

'Now farewell, Mall, and also Will !
For my love go ye all still
Unto I cum again you till,
And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell.'

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

'Now must I go there Crist was born ;
Farewell ! I cum again to-morn.
Dog, kepe well my shepe fro the corn,
And warn well "Warroke" when I blow my horn ! '

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

¹ *taid*, tied.

² *yode*, went.

⁴ *hode*, hood.

² *braid*, time.

⁵ *ferly*, marvellous.

Whan Wat to Bedlem cumen was,
 He swet, he had gone faster than a pace ;
 He found Jesu in a simpell place,
 Betwen an ox but and an asse,
 Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,
 My skirt, my tar-box, and my scrip ;
 Home to my felowes now will I skip,
 And also look unto my shepe.’

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Now farewell, mine owne herdesman Wat ! ’—
 ‘ Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat¹ ;
 Lull well Jesu in thy lap,
 And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cap ! ’

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

‘ Now may I well both hope and sing,
 For I have bene at Cristes bering ;
 Home to my felowes now will I fling.
 Crist of heven to his bliss us bring ! ’

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HUNT IS UP

THE Hunt is up ! The Hunt is up !
 And it is well nigh day ;
 And Harry our Kinge is gone hunting :
 To bring his deere to baye.

The East is bright with morning light,
 And darkness it is fled,

¹ *hat*, am hight, called.

SONGS OF JOY

And the merie horne wakes up the Morne,
To leave his idle bed.

Beholde the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around,
The grasse is greene, and so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are running free,
The woddes rejoice at the mery noise
Of hey tantara tee ree !

The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye, as he riseth hye
To see and to be seene.

Awake, all men, I say agen,
Be mery, as you maye,
For Harry our Kinge is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

WILLIAM GRAY.

HEY NONNY NO!

HEY nonny no !
Men are fools that wish to die !
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring ?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no !
When the winds blow and the seas flow ?
Hey nonny no !

ANONYMOUS.

SISTER, AWAKE

SISTER awake, close not your eies,
 The day her light discloses,
 And the bright morning doth arise
 Out of her bed of Roses.

See the cleere Sunne, the worlds bright Eie,
 In at our window peeping :
 Loe how he blushest, to espie,
 Vs idle wenches sleeping !

Therfore awake, make hast I say,
 And let vs without staying,
 All in our gowns of greene so gaye,
 Into the Parke a Maying.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE IS A LADY

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
 Was neuer face so pleasde my mind ;
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I loue her till I die.

Her iesture, motion and her smiles,
 Her wit, her voyce my hart beguiles,
 Beguiles my hart, I know not why,
 And yet I loue her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
 Her countrie so my loue doth change,
 But change she earth, or change she skie,
 Yet will I loue her till I die.

ANONYMOUS.

WEDDING MORN

WAKE, now my loue, awake ; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones
bed,

All ready to her siluer coche to clyme,
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.

Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of loues praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The Thrush replyes, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.

Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
The deawy leaues among.

For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and theyr echo ring.

Open the temple gates vnto my loue,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to recyue this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th' almighty vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play

The praises of the Lord in liuely notes,
 The whiles with hollow throates
 The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
 That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimsin dyde in grayne,
 That euen th'Angels which continually,
 About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
 Forget their seruice and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
 Are gouernèd with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought vnsownd.
 Why blush ye loue to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band ?
 Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
 That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the bride againe ;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory,
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
 Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
 Whom heauen would heape with blis.
 Make feast therefore now all this liue long day,
 This day for euer to me holy is.
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,

And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
 And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest,
 For they can do it best :
 The while the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
 To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SPRING'S WELCOME

WHAT Bird so sings, yet so dos wayle ?
 O t'is the rauish'd Nightingale.
 Iug, Iug, Iug, Iug; tereu, shee cryes,
 And still her woes at Midnight rise.
 Braue prick song ! who is't now we heare ?
 None but the Larke so shrill and cleare ;
 How at heauens gats she claps her wings,
 The Morne not waking till shee sings.
 Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
 Poore Robin red-breast tunes his note ;
 Heark how the iolly Cuckoies sing
 Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring,
 Cuckoe, to welcome in the spring.

JOHN LYLY.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

AH what is loue ? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet vnto a shepheard as a king,
 And sweeter too :
 For kings haue cares that waite vpon a
 Crowne,
 And cares can make the sweetest loue to frowne :
 Ah then, ah then,
 If countrie loues such sweet desires do gaine,
 What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine ?

His flockes are foulded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,

 And merrier too :

For kings bethinke them what the state require,
Where Shepheards carelesse Carroll by the fire.

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loues such sweet desires gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.

He kisseth first, then sits as blyth to eate
His creame and curds, as doth the king his meate ;

 And blyther too :

For kings haue often feares when they do sup,
Where Shepheards dread no poyson in their cup.

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loues such sweet desires gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.

To bed he goes, as wanton then I weene,
As is a king in dalliance with a Queene ;

 More wanton too :

For kings haue many griefes affects to moue,
Where Shepheards haue no greater grief then loue :

 Ah then, ah then,

If country loues such sweet desires gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.

Vpon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king vpon his bed of downe,

 More sounder too :

For cares cause kings full oft their sleepe to spill,
Where weary Shepheards lye and snort their fill :

 Ah then, ah then,

If countrie loues such sweet desires gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine.

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blyth,
As doth the king at euery tyde or syth ;¹

 And blyther too :

¹ *syth*, time.

For kings haue warres and broyles to take in hand,
Where Shepheards laugh, and loue vpon the land.

Ah then, ah then,
If Countrie loues such sweet desires gaine,
What Lady would not loue a Shepheard Swaine?

ROBERT GREENE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountain yields.

There wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feede theyr flocks
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls
Melodious byrds sing Madrigalls.

There will I make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

Thy dyshes shal be filde with meate
Such as the gods doe use to eate,
Shall one and euerye table bee
Preparde eache daye for thee and mee.

The Sheepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing
 For thy delight each May-morning.
 If these delights thy minde may moue,
 Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

SPRING

SPRING, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant
 King,
 Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in
 a ring,

Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,
 Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo !

The Palme and May make countrey houses gay,
 Lambs friske and play, the Shepherds pype all day,
 And we heare aye, birds tune this merry lay,

Cuckow, iugge iugge, pu we, to witta woo !

The fields breathe sweete the dayzies kisse our feete,
 Young louers meete, old wiues a-sunning sit :
 In euery streeete these tunes our eares doe greet,

Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo !

Spring the sweete spring.

THOMAS NASHE.

JOG ON

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
 And merrily hent¹ the stile-a :
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

¹ *hent*, seize.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily :
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

IT was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh ! the doxy,¹ over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

¹ *doxy*, sweetheart.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
 Doth set my pugging¹ tooth on edge ;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,²
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
 The wild waves whist,—
 Foot it feately here and there ;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !
 Bow, wow,
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow, wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer,
 Cock-a-diddle-dow !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AUBADE

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin

¹ *pugging*, envious.

² *aunts*, loose women.

To ope their golden eyes :
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise !
 Arise, arise !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SWEET CONTENT

ART thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers :
 Oh sweet content !
 Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed ?
 O punnishment.
 Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed ?
 To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.
 O sweet content, O sweet &c.
 Worke apace, apace, apace, apace,
 Honest labour beares a louely face,
 Then hey noney noney—hey noney noney.
 Canst drinke the waters of the Crispèd spring,
 O sweet content !
 Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sinck'st in thine owne teares,
 O punnishment.
 Then hee that patiently want's burden beares,
 No burden beares, but is a King, a King !
 O sweet content, &c.
 Worke apace, apace, &c.

THOMAS DEKKER.

PHOEBUS ARISE

PHOEBUS arise !
 And paint the sable Skies
 With azure, white, and Red :
 Rowse *Memnons* Mother from her *Tythons* Bed,
 That Shee thy Cariere may with Roscs spred,

The Nightingalles thy Comming each where sing,
Make an eternall Spring,
Give Life to this darke World which lieth dead.
Spreade foorth thy golden Haire
In larger Lockes than thou wast wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diademe of Pearle thy Temples faire :
Chase hence the vglie *Night*
Which serues but to make deare thy glorious Light.
This is that happie Morne,
That Day long wished Day,
Of all my Life so darke,
(If cruell Starres haue not my Ruine sworne,
And *Fates* not Hope betray ?)
Which (only white) deserues
A *Diamond* for euer should it marke :
This is the Morne should bring vnto this Groue
My Loue, to heare, and recompense my loue.
Faire King who all preserues,
But show thy blushing Beames,
And thou two sweeter *Eyes*
Shalt see than those which by *Peneus* Streames
Did once thy Heart surprise :
Nay, *Sunnes*, which shine as cleare
As thou when two thou did to *Rome* appeare.
Now *Flora* decke thy selfe in fairest Guise,
If that yee, *Winds*, would heare
A Voyce surpassing farre *Amphions* Lyre,
Your stormie chiding stay,
Let *Zephyre* only breath,
And with her Tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple Ports of Death.
The *Windes* all silent are,
And *Phoebus* in his Chaire
Ensaffroning Sea and Aire,
Makes vanish euery Starre :
Night like a Drunkard reeles
Beyond the Hills to shunne his flaming Wheeles,

The Fields with Flours are deckt in euery Hue,
 The Clouds bespangle with bright Gold their Blew :
 Here is the pleasant Place
 And eu'ry thing, sauē *Her*, who all should grace.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A WELCOME

WELLCOME, wellcome, do I sing,
Far more wellcome than the spring ;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

He that to the voice is neere
 Breaking from your Iv'ry pale,
 Need not walke abroad to heare
 The delightful Nightingale.

Wellcome, wellcome, then . . .

He that lookes still on your eyes,
 Though the winter have begun
 To benumbe our Arteryes,
 Shall not want the Summers Sun.

Wellcome, wellcome, then . . .

He that still may see your Cheekes,
 Where all rarenes still reposes,
 Is a foole if ere he seeks
 Other Lillyes, Other roses.

Wellcome, wellcome, then . . .

He to whom your soft lip yeelds,
 And perceives your breath in kissing,
 All the Odours of the fields
 Never, never shall be missing.

Wellcome, wellcome, then . . .

SONGS OF JOY

He that question would anew
 What faire Eden was of old,
 Let him rightly study you;
 And a briefe of that behold.

Wellcome, wellcome, then . . .

WILLIAM BROWNE.

PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY, AND
 WELCOME DAY

PACKE clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow,
 Sweete Ayre blow soft, mount Lark aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Winges from the winde, to please her minde,
 Notes from the Lark ile borrow ;
 Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing ;
 To give my love good-morrow,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'le borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin red-brest,
 Sing Birds in every Furrow,
 And from each bill, let Musicke shrill,
 Give my faire love good Morrow :
 Blacke bird and Thrush, in euery Bush,
 Stare,¹ Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my faire love good Morrow.
 To give my love good Morrow,
 Sing Birdes in every Furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

¹ *stare*, starling.

THE MERRY BEGGARS

COME, come ; away : The Spring
(By every Bird that can but sing,
Or chirp a note) doth now invite
Us forth, to taste of his delight.

In Field, in Grove, on Hill, in Dale ;
But above all the *Nightingale* :
Who in her sweetness strives t'out-doe
The loudness of the hoarse Cuckoe.

Cuckoe cries he, *Jug Jug Jug* sings she,
From bush to bush, from tree to tree,
Why in one place then tarry we ?

Come away ; why do we stay ?
We have no debt or rent to pay.
No bargains or accounts to make ;
Nor Land or Lease to let or take :
Or if we had, should that remore¹ us
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we pass, and make resort,
It is our Kingdom and our Court.

Cuckoe cries he, &c.

RICHARD BROME.

PSALM 150

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary :
praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts : praise him
according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet :
praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance : praise him
with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals : praise him upon the
high-sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

¹ remore, delays.

FROM "THE SONG OF SOLOMON"

THE voice of my beloved ! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

My beloved is like a roe or a young hart : behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ;

The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

PSALM 126

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing : then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
 See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :
 Get up, sweet *Slug-a-bed*, and see
 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
 Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the Birds have mattens seyd,
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.
 Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seene
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene ;
 And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or haire :
 Feare not ; the leaves will strew
 Gemms in abundance upon you :
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
 Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :
 And *Titan* on the Eastern hill
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying :
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.
 Come, my *Corinna*, come ; and comming, marke
 How each field turns a street ; each street a Parke
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each House a Bough,
 Or Branch : Each porch, each doore, ere this,
 An arke a Tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The Proclamation made for May :

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.
Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,
Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,
And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kisse, both odde and even :
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, Loves Firmament :

Many a jest told of the Keys betraying
This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short ; and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the Sunne :

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe :

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;
Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's goe a Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Chorus

WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,
 Then a caroll for to sing
 The Birth of this our heavenly King ?
 Awake the Voice ! Awake the String !
 Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing
 Awake ! the while the active Finger
 Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
 And give the honour to this Day,
 That sees *December* turned to *May*.
2. If we may ask the reason, say ;
 The why, and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere ?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne
 Smile, like a field beset with corne ?
 Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,
 Thus, on the sudden ? 4. Come and see
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be :
 'Tis He is borne, whose quickening Birth
 Gives light and lustre, publike mirth,
 To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Chor.

We see Him come, and know him ours,
 Who with His Sun-shine, and His showers,
 Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
 And fit it is, we finde a roome
 To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
 Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor.

Which we will give Him ; and bequeath
 This Hollie, and this ivie Wreath,
 To do Him honour ; who's our King,
 And Lord of all this Revelling.

ROBERT HERRICK.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

COME, bring with a noise,
 My merrie merrie boyes,
 The Christmas Log to the firing ;
 While my good Dame, she
 Bids ye all be free ;
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeeres brand
 Light the new block, And
 For good sucesse in his spending,
 On your Psaltries play,
 That sweet luck may
 Come while the Log is a teending.

Drink now the strong Beere,
 Cut the white loafe here,
 The while the meat is a shredding ;
 For the rare Mince-Pie
 And the Plums stand by
 To fill the Paste that's a kneading.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE WAKE

COME *Anthea* let us two
 Go to Feast, as others do.
 Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,
 Are the Junketts still at Wakes :
 Unto which the Tribes resort,
 Where the businesse is the sport :
 Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
 Marian too in Pagentrie :
 And a Mimick to devise
 Many grinning properties.
 Players there will be, and those
 Base in action as in clothes :
 Yet with strutting they will please
 The incurious Villages.
 Neer the dying of the day,
 There will be a *Cudgell-Play*,
 Where a *Coxcomb* will be broke,
 Ere a good *word* can be spoke :
 But the anger ends all here,
 Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
 Happy Rusticks, best content
 With the cheapest Merriment :
 And possesse no other feare,
 Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

ROBERT HERRICK.

CORIDON'S SONG

OH the sweet contentment
 The country-man doth find !
 high troollie loe
 high troollie lee,

That quiet contemplation
posseth all my mind :

*Then care away,
and wend along with me.*

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tri'd ;

 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.

The City full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride :

Then care away, &c.

But oh the honest Country-man
Speaks truely from his heart,

 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.

His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart :

Then care away, &c.

Our cloathing is good sheep skins,
Gray russet for our wives,

 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.

'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing
That doth prolong our lives :

Then care away, &c.

The plough man, though he labour hard,
Yet on the *Holy-day*,

 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.

No *Emperour* so merrily
Does passe his time away :

Then care away, &c.

To recompence our tillage,
The *Heavens* afford us showers ;

 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.

And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers :

Then care away, &c.

The *Cuckow* and the *Nightingale*
 Full merrily do sing,
 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.
 And with their pleasant *roundelaies*
 Bid welcome to the *Spring*.
 Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
 The country-man enjoyes ;
 high trolollie lollie lee, &c.
 Though others think they have as much,
 Yet he that says so lies :
 Then come away, turn
 Country man with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL

A DIVINE RAPTURE

EV'N like two little bank-dividing brooks,
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton
 streams,
 And having rang'd and search'd a thousand
 nooks,
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
 Where in a greater current they conjoyn :
 So I my best-beloveds am ; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,
 Ev'n so we joyn'd ; we both became entire ;
 No need for either to renew a suit,
 For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
 Our firm united souls did more then twine ;
 So I my best-beloveds am ; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command
 The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
 Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
 I would not change my fortunes for them all :
 Their wealth is but a counter to my coin ;
 The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

PAN'S HOLIDAY

WOOD-MEN Shepheards come away,
 This is *Pans* great holy-day,
 Throw off cares,
 With your heaven-aspiring aires
 Helpe us to sing,
 While valleyes with your Ecchoes ring. .

Nymphes that dwell within these groves,
 Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
 Gather poesies,
 Crowne your golden haire with Roses,
 As you passe
 Foote like Fayries on the grasse.

Ioy drowne our bowers, Philomel,
 Leave of *Tereus* rape to tell,
 Let trees dance,
 As they at Thracian Lire did once,
 Mountaines play,
 This is the Shepheards holiday.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

AUBADE

THE Lark now leaves his watry Nest
 And climbing, shakes his dewy Wings ;
 He takes this Window for the East ;
 And to implore your Light, he Sings,
 Awake, awake, the Morn will never rise,
 Till she can dress her Beauty at your Eies.

The Merchant bowes unto the Seamans Star,
 The Ploughman from the Sun his Season takes ;
 But still the Lover wonders what they are,
 Who look for day before his Mistress wakes.
 Awake, awake, break through your Vailes of Lawne !
 Then draw your Curtains, and begin the Dawne !

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

NOW the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with
 her
 The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap
 throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
 Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and groves, are of thy dressing,
 Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and
 sights unholly,
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings ;
 There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
 But come, thou Goddes fair and free,
 In heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crownèd *Bacchus* bore ;
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
 Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinced Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain-Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free ;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Clearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows grey,
Where the nibling flocks do stray ;

Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest :
Meadows trim with Daisies pide ;
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosomed high in tufted trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses ;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves ;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade ;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail :
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht and pull'd she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.

And, stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eoves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running ;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear

SONGS OF JOY

Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

THE MILKMAID

WHAT a dainty life the milke-maid leads,
 When over the flowry meades
 She dabbles in the dewe,
 And sings to her Cowe ;
 And feeles not the paine
 Of love or disdaine.
 She sleepes in the night, though she toyles in the day ;
 And merrily passeth her time away.

THOMAS NABbes.

SOLON'S SONG

TANTIVY ! tivy ! tivy ! tivy ! high and low.
 Hark ! Hark ! how the merry merry horn
 does blow
 As through the lanes and the meadows we go,
 As Puss has run over the Down,
 When Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Jowler, and Spring,
 And Thunder, and Wonder, made all the woods ring ;
 And horsemen and footmen, hey ding a ding, ding !
 Who envies the splendour and state of a Crown ?

Then, follow, follow, follow, follow, jolly Boys !
 Keep in with the beagles, now whilst the scent lies !
 The fiery-fac'd God is just ready to rise ;
 Whose beams all our pleasure control,

Whilst over the mountains and valleys we rowl ;
 And Watt's fatal knell in each hollow we toll,
 And in the next cottage top off a brown bowl !
 What pleasure, like Hunting, can cherish the soul ?

THOMAS D'URFÉY.

OPENING PARADISE

SEE the Wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of Pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe and walk again :
 The meanest flowret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common Sun, the air, and skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

THOMAS GRAY.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER

HAPPY songster ! perch'd above
 On the summit of the grove,
 Whom a dew-drop cheers to sing
 With the freedom of a king ;
 From thy perch, survey the fields,
 Where prolific nature yields
 Nought that, willingly as she,
 Man surrenders not to thee.
 For hostility or hate
 None thy pleasures can create.
 Thee it satisfies to sing
 Sweetly the return of Spring,

SONGS OF JOY

Herald of the genial hours,
 Harming neither herbs nor flow'rs.
 Therefore man thy voice attends
 Gladly—thou and he are friends ;
 Nor thy never ceasing strains
 Phoebus or the Muse disdains
 As too simple or too long,
 For themselves inspire the song.
 Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying,
 Ever singing, sporting, playing,
 What has nature else to show
 Godlike in its kind as thou ?

WILLIAM COWPER.

TULLOCHGORUM

OTULLOCHGORUM'S my delight,
 It gars us a' in aye unite,
 And ony sump¹ that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a chearfu' quorum.
 Blithe and merry, we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

JOHN SKINNER.

¹ *sumph*, dunce.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me :

“Pipe a song about a Lamb !”

So I piped with merry cheer.

“Piper, pipe that song again ;”

So I piped : he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;

Sing thy songs of happy cheer :”

So I sang the same again,

While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write

In a book, that all may read.”

So he vanish’d from my sight,

And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,

And I stain’d the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs

Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LAUGHING SONG

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice
 of joy,
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing by ;
 When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
 And the green hill laughs with the noise
 of it ;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
 And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
 When Mary and Susan and Emily
 With their sweet round mouths sing "Ha, Ha, He!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
 Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
 Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
 To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, Ha, He!"

WILLIAM BLAKE.

INFANT JOY

"**I** HAVE no name :
 I am but two days old."
 What shall I call thee ?
 "I happy am,
 Joy is my name."
 Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty Joy !
 Sweet Joy, but two days old.
 Sweet Joy I call thee :
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't ;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

WILLIE BREWED

WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

We are na fou', we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may craw, the daw may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth ! she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King among us three !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE TITHER MORN

THE tither morn,
 When I forlorn
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow
 I'd see my jo
 Beside me, 'gain the gloaming.
 But he sae trig
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck ?
 Did least expec'
 To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak' the war !
 I late and ear'
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,

I car'd na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest !
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

ROBERT BURNS.

OF A' THE AIRTS

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Amang the rigs o' barley ;
 I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kissed her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

ROBERT BURNS.

MY NANNIE O

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa' to Nannie O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill,
 The night's baith mirk and rainy O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young :
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie O :
 The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me;
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nannie O.

ROBERT BURNS.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the grey trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
 There to track the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
 Little sweet maidens from the play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well,
 That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for Thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE RAINBOW

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HIE AWAY

HIE away, hie away,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it ;
 Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
 Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green
 Over bank and over brae,
 Hie away, hie away !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear !
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay !"

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :
 And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
 You shall see him brought to bay ;
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ?
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM "DEJECTION: AN ODE"

OPURE of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flow all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

AWET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast
 And fills the white and rustling sail
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free
 Away the good ship flies and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high ;

SONGS OF JOY

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 But hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE
 CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning
 brass ;

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;

Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both though small are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

JENNY KISSED ME WHEN WE MET

J ENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;
Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me !

LEIGH HUNT.

TO A SINGER

M Y soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound :
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions ;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,

SONGS OF JOY

Where never mortal pinnace glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided :
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
 Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE INVITATION

BEST and brightest, come away !
 Fairer far than this fair Day,
 Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
 To the rough Year just awake
 In its cradle on the brake.
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
 Through the winter wandering,
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
 To hoar February born.
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
 And smiled upon the silent sea,
 And bade the frozen streams be free,
 And waked to music all their fountains,
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
 And like a prophetess of May
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
 Making the wintry world appear
 Like one on whom thou smilèst, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs—
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress

Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor :—
“I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields ;—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to your stave.
Expectation too, be off !
To-day is for itself enough ;
Hope, in pity mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain—with all your love,
This you never told me of.”

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea ;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new ;

When the night is left behind
 In the deep east, dun and blind,
 And the blue noon is over us,
 And the multitudinous
 Billows murmur at our feet,
 Where the earth and ocean meet,
 And all things seem only one
 In the universal sun.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around ;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
 Aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
 breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

JOHN KEATS.

I STOOD TIP-TOE UPON A
LITTLE HILL

I STOOD tip-toe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scantily leav'd, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves :
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending ;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had play'd upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May flowers with the bees about them ;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without them ;
And let a lush labernum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them

Moist, cool and green ; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
The spreading blue-bells : it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

JOHN KEATS.

MUSIC

LET me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still :
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things
 There alway, alway something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
 Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
 But in the mud and scum of things
 There alway, alway something sings.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE !

COME, brothers, arouse, let the owl go to rest.
 Oh, the Summer sun's in the sky,
 The bee's on his wing and the hawk's in his
 nest,
 And the river runs merrily by,
 And the river runs merrily by.
 Our mother, the world, a good mother is she,
 Says to toil is to welcome her fare,
 Some bounty she hangs us on every tree
 And blesses us in the sweet air.
 Come dance, lads, come dance, lads, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh !
 Come dance, lads, come dance, lads, come dance away-
 away-away-away-away-away !

And this is the life for a man, a man,
 And this is the life for me ;
 The Prince may boast if he can, he can,
 But he never was half so free.
 Our mother, the world, a good mother is she,
 Says to toil is to welcome her fare,

Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
And blesses us in the sweet air.
Come, brothers, arouse, let the owl go to rest,
Oh, the Summer sun's in the sky ;
The bee's on his wing and the hawk's in his nest,
And the river runs merrily by.

WILLIAM B. BERNARD.

GIBRALTAR

ENGLAND, we love thee better than we know.—
And this I learn'd when, after wand'rings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
Twin giants watching the Herculean Straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made the very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unroll'd.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

FIRST SONG FROM "MAUD"

GO not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes
 Falters from her lips,
 Pass and blush the news
 O'er the blowing ships.
 Over blowing seas,
 Over seas at rest,
 Pass the happy news,
 Blush it thro' the West ;
 Till the red man dance
 By his red cedar tree,
 And the red man's babe
 Leap, beyond the sea.
 Blush from West to East,
 Blush from East to West,
 Till the West is East,
 Blush it thro' the West.
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
 Yon orange sunset wan'ning slow :
 From fringes of the faded eve,
 O, happy planet, eastward go ;
 Till over thy dark shoulder glow
 Thy silver sister-world, and rise
 To glass herself in dewy eyes
 That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
And round again to happy night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

The Arrival

ALL precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth ;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the grass,
He gazes on the silent dead :
“They perish'd in their daring deeds.”
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
“The many fail : the one succeeds.”

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks :
He breaks the hedge : he enters there :
The colour flies into his cheeks :
He trusts to light on something fair ;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind ;
 The Magic Music in his heart
 Beats quick and quicker, till he find
 The quiet chamber far apart.
 His spirit flutters like a lark,
 He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
 “Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must be ! ”

The Revival

A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
 A fuller light illumined all,
 A breeze thro’ all the garden swept,
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
 The butler drank, the steward scrawl’d,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot scream’d, the peacock squall’d,
 The maid and page renew’d their strife,
 The palace bang’d, and buzz’d and clackt,
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dash’d downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself uprear’d,
 And yawn’d, and rubb’d his face, and spoke
 “By holy rood, a royal beard !
 How say you ? we have slept, my lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap.”
 The barons swore, with many words,
 ’Twas but an after-dinner’s nap.

“Pardy,” return’d the king, “but still
My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention’d half an hour ago?”
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return’d reply :
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

The Departure

And on her lover’s arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old :
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow’d him.

“I’d sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ;”
“O wake for ever, love,” she hears,
“O love, ’twas such as this and this.”
And o’er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream’d thro’ many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

“O eyes long laid in happy sleep !”
“O happy sleep, that lightly fled !”
“O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep !”
“O love, thy kiss would wake the dead !”
And o’er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy’d the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro’ many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

“A hundred summers ! can it be ?
 And whither goest thou, tell me where ?”
 “O seek my father’s court with me,
 For there are greater wonders there.”
 And o’er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Thro’ all the world she follow’d him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE WILD JOYS OF LIVING

O H, our manhood’s prime vigour ! no spirit feels
 waste,
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor
 sinew unbraced.
 Oh, the wild joys of living ! the leaping from
 rock up to rock—
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—the cool
 silver shock
 Of the plunge in a pool’s living water,—the hunt of the
 bear,
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
 And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with gold
 dust divine,
 And the locust’s-flesh steeped in the pitcher ! the full
 draught of wine,
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes
 tell
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
 How good is man’s life, the mere living ! how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in joy !

ROBERT BROWNING.

OH, GOOD GIGANTIC SMILE O' THE BROWN OLD EARTH

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth ;
Listening the while, where on the heap of
stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE YEAR 'S AT THE SPRING

THE year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn ;
God 's in His heaven—
All 's right with the world !

ROBERT BROWNING.

O, THE MARRIAGE !

OTHE marriage, the marriage !
With love and *mo bhuachaill*¹ for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me :

¹ *mo bhuachaill*, my boy.

For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true ;
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the Squires of the county could do.
Then O, the marriage . . .

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away :
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me ;
 O, sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see !
Then O, the marriage . . .

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbours think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan 's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
Then O, the marriage . . .

We meet in the market and fair—
 We meet in the morning and night—
 He sits on the half of my chair,
 And my people are wild with delight.
 Yet I long through the winter to skim,
 Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
 When I will be married to him,
 And he will be married to me !

Then O, the marriage, the marriage !
With love and mo bhuaachaill for me,
The ladies that ride in their carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !

O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.

Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.

SONGS OF JOY

Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their trueloves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

POEM OF JOYS

REDEBRY, 1872

O TO make the most jubilant poem !
Even to set off these, and merge with these,
the carols of Death.

O full of music ! full of manhood, womanhood,
infancy !

Full of common employments ! full of grain and trees.

O for the voices of animals ! O for the swiftness and
balance of fishes !

O for the dropping of rain-drops in a poem !

O for the sunshine, and motion of waves in a poem !

O the joy of my spirit ! it is uncaged ! it darts like
lightning !

It is not enough to have this globe, or a certain time—I
will have thousands of globes, and all time.

O the engineer's joys !

To go with a locomotive !

To hear the hiss of steam—the merry shriek—the steam-
whistle—the laughing locomotive !

To push with resistless way, and speed off in the distance.

O the gleesome saunter over fields and hill-sides !

The leaves and flowers of the commonest weeds—the
moist fresh stillness of the woods,

The exquisite smell of the earth at day-break, and all
through the forenoon.

O the horseman's and horsewoman's joys !

The saddle—the gallop—the pressure upon the seat—the
cool gurgling by the ears and hair.

O the fireman's joys !

I hear the alarm at dead of night,

I hear bells—shouts !—I pass the crowd—I run !

The sight of the flames maddens me with pleasure.

O the joy of the strong-brawn'd fighter, towering in the arena, in perfect condition, conscious of power, thirsting to meet his opponent.

O the joy of that vast elemental sympathy which only the human Soul is capable of generating and emitting in steady and limitless floods.

O the mother's joys !

The watching—the endurance—the precious love—the anguish—the patiently yielded life.

O the joy of increase, growth, recuperation ;

The joy of soothing and pacifying—the joy of concord and harmony.

O to go back to the place where I was born !

To hear the birds sing once more !

To ramble about the house and barn, and over the fields, once more,

And through the orchard and along the old lanes once more.

O male and female !

O the presence of women ! (I swear there is nothing more exquisite to me than the mere presence of women ;)

O for the girl, my mate ! O for the happiness with my mate !

O the young man as I pass ! O I am sick after the friendship of him who, I fear, is indifferent to me.

O the streets of cities !

The flitting faces—the expressions, eyes, feet, costumes !

O I cannot tell how welcome they are to me.

O to have been brought up on bays, lagoons, creeks, or along the coast !

O to continue and be employ'd there all my life !

O the briny and damp smell—the shore—the salt weeds exposed at low water,

The work of fishermen—the work of the eel-fisher and clam-fisher.

O it is I !

I come with my clam-rake and spade ! I come with my
eel-spear ;

Is the tide out ? I join the group of clam-diggers on
the flats,

I laugh and work with them—I joke at my work, like a
mettlesome young man.

In winter I take my eel-basket and eel-spear and travel
out on foot on the ice—I have a small axe to cut
holes in the ice,

Behold me, well-clothed, going gaily, or returning in the
afternoon—my brood of tough boys accompanying me,

My brood of grown and part-grown boys, who love to be
with no one else so well as they love to be with me,

By day to work with me, and by night to sleep with me.

Or, another time, in warm weather, out in a boat, to lift
the lobster-pots, where they are sunk with heavy
stones, (I know the buoys ;)

O the sweetness of the Fifth-month morning upon the
water, as I row, just before sunrise, toward the buoys ;

I pull the wicker pots up slantingly—the dark green
lobsters are desperate with their claws, as I take them
out—I insert wooden pegs in the joints of their
pincers,

I go to all the places, one after another, and then row
back to the shore,

There, in a huge kettle of boiling water, the lobsters shall
be boil'd till their colour becomes scarlet.

Or, another time, mackerel-taking,

Voracious, mad for the hook, near the surface, they seem
to fill the water for miles :

Or, another time, fishing for rock-fish in Chesapeake Bay—
I one of the brown-faced crew :

Or, another time, trailing for blue-fish off Paumanok, I
stand with braced body,

My left foot is on the gunwale—my right arm throws
the coils of slender rope,
In sight around me the quick veering and darting of fifty
skiffs, my companions.

O boating on the rivers !
The voyage down the Niagara, (the St. Lawrence,)—the
superb scenery—the steamers,
The ships sailing—the Thousand Islands—the occasional
timber-raft, and the raftsmen with long-reaching
sweep-oars,
The little huts on the rafts, and the stream of smoke
when they cook supper at evening.

O something pernicious and dread !
Something far away from a puny and pious life !
Something unproved ! Something in a trance !
Something escaped from the anchorage, and driving free.

O to work in mines, or forging iron !
Foundry casting—the foundry itself—the rude high roof—
the ample and shadow'd space,
The furnace—the hot liquid pour'd out and running.

O to resume the joys of the soldier :
To feel the presence of a brave general ! to feel his
sympathy !
To behold his calmness ! to be warn'd in the rays of his
smile !
To go to battle ! to hear the bugles play, and the drums
beat !
To hear the crash of artillery ! to see the glittering of the
bayonets and musket-barrels in the sun !
To see men fall and die, and not complain !
To taste the savage taste of blood ! to be so devilish !
To gloat so over the wounds and deaths of the enemy.

O the whaleman's joys ! O I cruise my old cruise again !
I feel the ship's motion under me—I feel the Atlantic
breezes fanning me,
I hear the cry again sent down from the mast-head—*There
—she blows !*

—Again I spring up the rigging, to look with the rest—
We see—we descend, wild with excitement,
I leap in the lower'd boat—We row toward our prey,
where he lies,
We approach, stealthy and silent—I see the mountainous
mass, lethargic, basking,
I see the harpooneer standing up—I see the weapon dart
from his vigorous arm :

O swift, again, now, far out in the ocean, the wounded
whale, settling, running to windward, tows me ;

—Again I see him rise to breathe—We row close again,
I see a lance driven through his side, press'd deep, turn'd
in the wound,
Again we back off—I see him settle again—the life is
leaving him fast,
As he rises, he spouts blood—I see him swim in circles
narrower and narrower, swiftly cutting the water—I
see him die ;

He gives one convulsive leap in the centre of the circle,
and then falls flat and still in the bloody foam.

O the old manhood of me, my joy !
My children and grand-children—my white hair and
beard,
My largeness, calmness, majesty, out of the long stretch
of my life.

O the ripen'd joy of womanhood !
O perfect happiness at last !
I am more than eighty years of age—my hair, too, is pure
white—I am the most venerable mother ;
How clear is my mind ! how all people draw nigh to me !

What attractions are these, beyond any before? what
bloom, more than the bloom of youth?
What beauty is this that descends upon me, and rises out
of me?

O the orator's joys!
To inflate the chest—to roll the thunder of the voice out
from the ribs and throat.—
To make the people rage, weep, hate, desire, with
yourself,
To lead America—to quell America with a great tongue.

O the joy of my soul leaning pois'd on itself—receiving
identity through materials, and loving them—observing
characters, and absorbing them;
O my soul, vibrated back to me, from them—from facts,
sight, hearing, touch, my phrenology, reason, articula-
tion, comparison, memory, and the like;
The real life of my senses and flesh, transcending my senses
and flesh;
My body, done with materials—my sight, done with my
material eyes;
Proved to me this day, beyond cavil, that it is not my
material eyes which finally see,
Nor my material body which finally loves, walks, laughs,
shouts, embraces, procreates.

O the farmer's joys!
Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese', Kanadian's, Iowan's,
Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregonese' joys;
To rise at peep of day, and pass forth nimbly to work,
To plough land in the fall for winter-sown crops,
To plough land in the spring for maize,
To train orchards—to graft the trees—to gather apples in
the fall.

O the pleasure with trees!
The orchard—the forest—the oak, cedar, pine, pekan-tree,
The honey-locust, black-walnut, cottonwood, and magnolia.

O Death ! the voyage of Death !

The beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing a few moments, for reasons ;

Myself, discharging my excrementitious body, to be burn'd, or render'd to powder, or buried,

My real body doubtless left to me for other spheres,

My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to the purifications, further offices, eternal uses of the earth.

O to bathe in the swimming-bath, or in a good place along shore !

To splash the water ! to walk ankle-deep—to race naked along the shore.

O to realize space !

The plenteousness of all—that there are no bounds ;

To emerge, and be of the sky—of the sun and moon, and the flying clouds, as one with them.

O the joy of a manly self-hood !

Personality—to be servile to none—to defer to none—not to any tyrant, known or unknown,

To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic,

To look with calm gaze, or with a flashing eye,

To speak with a full and sonorous voice, out of a broad chest,

To confront with your personality all the other personalities of the earth.

Know'st thou the excellent joys of youth ?

Joys of the dear companions, and of the merry word, and laughing face ?

Joy of the glad, light-beaming day—joy of the wide-breath'd games ?

Joy of sweet music—joy of the lighted ball-room, and the dancers ?

Joy of the friendly, plenteous dinner—the strong carouse, and drinking ?

Yet, O my soul supreme !

Know'st thou the joys of pensive thought ?

Joys of the free and lonesome heart—the tender, gloomy heart ?

Joy of the solitary walk—the spirit bowed yet proud—the suffering and the struggle ?

The agonistic throes, the ecstasies—joys of the solemn musings, day or night ?

Joys of the thought of Death—the great spheres Time and Space ?

Prophetic joys of better, loftier love's ideals—the Divine Wife—the sweet, eternal, perfect Comrade ?

Joys all thine own, undying one—joys worthy thee, O Soul.

O, while I live, to be the ruler of life—not a slave,

To meet life as a powerful conqueror,

No fumes—no ennui—no more complaints, or scornful criticisms.

O me repellent and ugly !

To these proud laws of the air, the water, and the ground,
 proving my interior Soul impregnable,

And nothing exterior shall ever take command of me.

O to attract by more than attraction !

How it is I know not—yet behold ! the something which
 obeys none of the rest,

It is offensive, never defensive—yet how magnetic it draws.

O joy of suffering !

To struggle against great odds ! to meet enemies undaunted !

To be entirely alone with them ! to find how much one
 can stand !

To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, death, face
 to face !

To mount the scaffold ! to advance to the muzzles of guns
 with perfect nonchalance !

To be indeed a God !

O, to sail to sea in a ship !
 To leave this steady, unendurable land !
 To leave the tiresome sameness of the streets, the side-walks and the houses ;
 To leave you, O you solid motionless land, and entering a ship,
 To sail, and sail, and sail !

O to have my life henceforth a poem of new joys !
 To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll on, float on,
 To be a sailor of the world, bound for all ports,
 A ship itself, (see indeed these sails I spread to the sun and air,) A swift and swelling ship, full of rich words—full of joys.

WALT WHITMAN.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY

JOY ! shipmate—joy !
 (Pleas'd to my Soul at death I cry ;)
 Our life is closed—our life begins ;
 The long, long anchorage we leave,
 The ship is clear at last—she leaps !
 She swiftly courses from the shore ;
 Joy ! shipmate—joy !

WALT WHITMAN.

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE ?

WHAT is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace ;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SONG OF THE SUN

I AM the sun, I am above the mountains,
 My joy is on me, I will give you day !
 I will spend day among you like a king !
 Your water shall be wine because I reign !
 I stave my golden vintage on the mountains,
 And all your rushing rivers run with day !
 I am the sun, I am above the mountains !
 Arise, my hand is open, it is day !
 Rise ! as men strike a bell and make it music,
 So have I struck the earth and made it day !
 Move, move, O world, on all your brazen hinges
 Send round the thunder of your golden wheels ;
 Throng out, O millions, out, O shouting millions ;
 Throng out, O millions, shouting, shouting day !
 For as one blows a trumpet through the valleys,
 So from my golden trumpet I blow day !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

AS souls, ambitious, but low-born,
 If raised past hope by luck or wit,
 All pride of place will proudly scorn,
 And live as they'd been used to it,
 So we two wore our strange estate :
 Familiar, unaffected, free,
 We talk'd, until the dusk grew late,
 Of this and that ; but, after tea,

As doubtful if a lot so sweet
 As ours was ours in very sooth,
 Like children, to promote conceit,
 We feign'd that it was not the truth ;
 And she assumed the maiden coy,
 And I adored remorseless charms,
 And then we clapp'd our hands for joy,
 And ran into each other's arms.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE SPOUSAL TIME OF MAY

TWAS when the spousal time of May
 Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,
 And air's so sweet the bosom gay
 Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,
 When like to like is gladly moved,
 And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,
 "Let those love who never loved ;
 Let those who have loved love again" ;
 That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,
 Lay stretched within a lonely glade,
 Abandoned to delicious thought
 Beneath the softly twinkling shade.
 The leaves, all stirring, mimicked well
 A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,
 And, as the sun or shadow fell,
 So these were green and those were gold ;
 In dim recesses hyacinths drooped,
 And breadths of primrose lit the air,
 Which, wandering through the woodlands, stooped
 And gathered perfumes here and there ;
 Upon the spray the squirrel swung,
 And careless songsters, six or seven,
 Sang lofty songs the leaves among,
 Fit for their only listener, Heaven.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

A BIRTHDAY

MY heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot ;
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset
 fruit ;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
 Hang it with vair¹ and purple dyes ;
 Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys ;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

DAFFODIL

GOLD tassel upon March's bugle-horn,
 Whose blithe reveille blows from hill to
 hill
 And every valley rings—O Daffodil !
 What promise for the season newly born ?
 Shall wave on wave of flow'rs, full tide of corn,
 O'erflow the world, then fruited Autumn fill
 Hedgerow and garth ? Shall tempest, blight, or chill
 Turn all felicity to scathe and scorn ?

¹ *vair*, squirrel skin.

Tantarrara ! the joyous Book of Spring
 Lies open, writ in blossoms ; not a bird
 Of evil augury is seen or heard :
 Come now, like Pan's old crew we'll dance and sing,
 Or Oberon's ; for hill and valley ring
 To March's bugle-horn,—Earth's blood is stirred.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FROM "PASTORAL VII."

SEE, the sun slopes down the meadows, where all
 the flowers are falling !
 Falling unhymned ; for the nightingale scarce ever
 charms the long twilight :
 Mute with the cares of the nest ; only known by
 a "chuck, chuck," and dovelike
 Call of content, but the finch and the linnet and blackcap
 pipe loudly.
 Round on the western hillside warbles the rich-billed
 ouzel ;
 And the shrill throstle is filling the tangled thickening
 copses ;
 Singing o'er hyacinths hid, and most honey'd of flowers,
 white field-rose.

Joy thus to revel all day in the grass of our own beloved
 country ;
 Revel all day, till the lark mounts at eve with his sweet
 "tirra-lirra" :
 Trilling delightfully. See, on the river the slow-rippled
 surface
 Shining ; the slow ripple broadens in circles ; the bright
 surface smoothes ;
 Now it is flat as the leaves of the yet unseen water-lily.
 There dart the lives of a day, ever-varying tactics fantastic.

There, by the wet-mirrored osiers, the emerald wing of
the kingfisher
Flashes, the fish in his beak ! there the dab-chick dived,
and the motion
Lazily undulates all thro' the tall standing army of rushes.

Joy thus to revel all day, till the twilight turns us
homeward !

Till all the lingering deep-blooming splendour of sunset
is over,

And the one star shines mildly in mellowing hues, like
a spirit

Sent to assure us that light never dieth, tho' day is now
buried.

Saying : to-morrow, to-morrow, few hours intervening,
that interval

Turned by the woodlark in heaven, to-morrow my
semblance, far eastward,

Heralds the day 'tis my mission eternal to seal and to
prophesy.

Come then, and homeward ; passing down the close path
of the meadows.

Home like the bees stored with sweetness ; each with a
lark in the bosom,

Trilling for ever, and oh ! will yon lark ever cease to sing
up there ?

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE BRIDGE

“ O, WHAT are you waiting for here, young man ?
What are you looking for over the bridge ? ”
A little straw hat with the streaming blue
ribbons
Is soon to come dancing over the bridge.

Her heart beats the measure that keeps her feet dancing,
 Dancing along like a wave o' the sea ;
 Her heart pours the sunshine with which her eyes glancing
 Light up strange faces in looking for me.

The strange faces brighten in meeting her glances ;
 The strangers all bless her, pure, lovely, and free :
 She fancies she walks, but her walk skips and dances,
 Her heart makes such music in coming to me.

O, thousands and thousands of happy young maidens
 Are tripping this morning their sweethearts to see ;
 But none whose heart beats to a sweeter love-cadence
 Than hers who will brighten the sunshine for me.

“ O, what are you waiting for here, young man ?
 What are you looking for over the bridge ? ”
 A little straw hat with the streaming blue ribbons ;
 —And here it comes dancing over the bridge !

JAMES THOMSON.

LET MY VOICE RING OUT

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
 Through all the grief and strife,
 With a golden joy in a silver mirth :
 Thank God for Life !

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss
 To the azure dome above,
 With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss :
 Thank God for Love !

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
 The whole world through :
 O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
 Thank God for you !

JAMES THOMSON.

GIFTS

GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail ;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and
health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read :
And his home is bright with a calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my love, love thee ;
And his heart is great with the pulse of Fate,
At home, on land, on sea.

JAMES THOMSON.

IN THE TRAIN

AS we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear ;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet !

JAMES THOMSON.

MARCH

SLAYER of winter, art thou here again ?
 O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh !
 The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
 Welcome, O March ! whose kindly days and dry
 Make April ready for the throstle's song,
 Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong !

Yea, welcome March ! and though I die ere June,
 Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
 Striving to swell the burden of the tune
 That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,
 Unmindful of the past or coming days ;
 Who sing : "O joy ! a new year is begun :
 What happiness to look upon the sun !"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

IN EARLIEST SPRING

TOSSING his mane of snows in wildest eddies
 and tangles,
 Lion-like March cometh in, hoarse, with
 tempestuous breath,
 Through all the moaning chimneys, and
 'thwart all the hollows and angles
 Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and
 death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow
 Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that
 lift
 Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable
 shadow,
 Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream,
or desire

(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment
and goes—

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect,—as if in the brier,
Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together ;

Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter ;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
 Were a nightingale—why, then,
 Something seen and heard of men
 Might be half as sweet as when
 Laughs a child of seven.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

TO-DAY, all day, I rode upon the down,
 With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
 On this side in its glory lay the sea,
 On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.
 The wind was light, and brightly the sun
 shone,
 And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse :
 And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse
 Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
 I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even
 Better than all by this, that through my chase
 In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
 I seemed to see and follow still your face.
 Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
 My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

MY SPIRIT SANG ALL DAY

MY spirit sang all day
 O my joy.
 Nothing my tongue could say,
 Only My joy !

My heart an echo caught—
 O my joy—
 And spake, Tell me thy thought,
 Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,—
 O my joy—
 What beauty hast thou found ?
 Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist ;—
 O my joy—
 Music from heaven is 't,
 Sent for our joy ?

She also came and heard ;
 O my joy,
 What, said she, is this word ?
 What is thy joy ?

And I replied, O see,
 O my joy,
 'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee :
 Thou art my joy.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

I MADE ANOTHER SONG

I MADE another song,
 In likeness of my love :
 And sang it all day long,
 Around, beneath, above ;
 I told my secret out,
 That none might be in doubt.

SONGS OF JOY

I sang it to the sky,
 That veiled his face to hear
 How far her azure eye
 Outdoes his splendid sphere ;
 But at her eyelids' name
 His white clouds fled for shame.

I told it to the trees,
 And to the flowers confest,
 And said not one of these
 Is like my lily drest ;
 Nor spathe nor petal dared
 Vie with her body bared.

I shouted to the sea,
 That set his waves a-prance ;
 Her floating hair is free,
 Free are her feet to dance ;
 And for thy wrath, I swear
 Her frown is more to fear.

And as in happy mood
 I walked and sang alone,
 At eve beside the wood
 I met my love, my own:
 And sang to her the song
 I had sung all day long.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

CROWN WINTER WITH GREEN

CROWN Winter with green,
 And give him good drink
 To physic his spleen
 Or ever he think.

His mouth to the bowl,
His feet to the fire ;
And let him, good soul,
No comfort desire.

So merry he be,
I bid him abide :
And merry be we
This good Yuletide.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

FIRST SPRING MORNING

A CHILD'S POEM

LOOK ! Look ! the spring is come :
O feel the gentle air,
That wanders thro' the boughs to burst
The thick buds everywhere !
The birds are glad to see
The high unclouded sun :
Winter is fled away, they sing,
The gay time is begun.

Adown the meadows green
Let us go dance and play,
And look for violets in the lane,
And ramble far away
To gather primroses,
That in the woodland grow,
And hunt for oxlips, or if yet
The blades of bluebells show :

There the old woodman gruff
Hath half the coppice cut,
And weaves the hurdles all day long
Beside his willow hut.

We'll steal on him, and then
 Startle him, all with glee
 Singing our song of winter fled
 And summer soon to be.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

WITH lifted feet, hands still,
 I am poised, and down the hill
 Dart, with heedful mind ;
 The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
 Till the heart with a mighty lift
 Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry :—
 “O bird, see ; see, bird, I fly.

“ Is this, is this your joy ?
 O bird, then I, though a boy,
 For a golden moment share
 Your feathery life in air ! ”

Say, heart, is there aught like this
 In a world that is full of bliss ?
 ’Tis more than skating, bound
 Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
 Awhile in my airy boat ;
 Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
 My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
 Must end in a vale ; but still,
 Who climbs with toil, wheresoe’er,
 Shall find wings waiting there.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

IT IS THE SEASON NOW TO GO

IT is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared ;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race ;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops ;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses ;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LITTLE DANCERS: A LONDON VISION

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky
 Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street
 Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
 Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;
 And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
 From a tavern window : there, to the brisk measure
 Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
 Two children, all alone and no one by,
 Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
 Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
 Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,
 Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

LAURENCE BINYON.

FIELD-FLOWER

A Phantasy

GOD took a fit of Paradise-wind,
 A slip of coerule weather,
 A thought as simple as Himself,
 And ravelled them together.
 Unto His eyes He held it there,
 To teach it gazing debonair
 With memory of what, perdie,
 A God's young innocences were.
 His fingers pushed it through the sod—
 It came up redolent of God,
 Garrulous of the eyes of God
 To all the breezes near it ;

Musical of the mouth of God
 To all had ears to hear it ;
 Mystical with the mirth of God,
 That glow-like did ensphere it.

*And—“Babble ! babble ! babble !” said ;
 “I’ll tell the whole world one day !”
 There was no blossom half so glad,
 Since sun of Christ’s first Sunday.*

A poet took a flaw of pain,
 A hap of skiey pleasure,
 A thought had in his cradle lain,
 And mingled them in measure.
 That chrism he laid upon his eyes,
 And lips, and heart, for euphrasies,
 That he might see, feel, sing, perdie,
 The simple things that are the wise.
 Beside the flower he held his ways,
 And leaned him to it gaze for gaze—
 He took its meaning, gaze for gaze,
 As baby looks on baby ;
 Its meaning passed into his gaze,
 Native as meaning may be ;
 He rose with all his shining gaze
 As children’s eyes at play be.

*And—“Babble ! Babble ! Babble !” said ;
 “I’ll tell the whole world one day !”
 There was no poet half so glad,
 Since man grew God that Sunday.*

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SONGS OF JOY

SING out, my Soul, thy songs of joy ;
 Such as a happy bird will sing
 Beneath a Rainbow’s lovely arch
 In early spring.

Think not of Death in thy young days ;
 Why shouldst thou that grim tyrant fear,
 And fear him not when thou art old
 And he is near.

Strive not for gold, for greedy fools
 Measure themselves by poor men never ;
 Their standard still being richer men,
 Makes them poor ever.

Train up thy mind to feel content,
 What matters then how low thy store ?
 What we enjoy, and not possess,
 Makes rich or poor.

Filled with sweet thought, then happy I
 Take not my state from others' eyes ;
 What 's in my mind—not on my flesh
 Or theirs—I prize.

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy ;
 Such as a Brook sings in the wood,
 That all night has been strengthened by
 Heaven's purer flood.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

IN MAY

YES, I will spend the livelong day
 With Nature in this month of May ;
 And sit beneath the trees, and share
 My bread with birds whose homes are there ;
 While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
 Stand to their necks in grass so deep ;
 While birds do sing with all their might,
 As though they felt the earth in flight.

This is the hour I dreamed of, when
 I sat surrounded by poor men ;
 And thought of how the Arab sat
 Alone at evening, gazing at
 The stars that bubbled in clear skies ;
 And of young dreamers, when their eyes
 Enjoyed methought a precious boon
 In the adventures of the Moon
 Whose light, behind the Clouds' dark bars,
 Searched for her stolen flocks of stars.
 When I, hemmed in by wrecks of men,
 Thought of some lonely cottage then,
 Full of sweet books ; and miles of sea,
 With passing ships, in front of me ;
 And having, on the other hand,
 A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

A MORNING BATHE

DROWSY, unkempt, of wilful hair,
 Bare toes adrift on the creaking stair,
 Still half in sleep, with dream-dipped eyes
 Wide with the childlike mysteries
 Of fading elflands, 'wilderder hands
 Weaving instinctive towel bands
 O'er dress-lack slowly half perceived ;
 Feet on the dew-grass dimly grieved
 By changing tread of heat and cold ;
 The narrow path in fancy rolled
 A mile of flinty points, the bank
 Shivering with misty verdure, dank
 Of river, and an ague breeze
 Spurting chill plashes from the trees
 On shrinking limbs that shyly bend
 Where the green slimy steps descend,

Like some long terror of the night
Merged in weed-waters infinite ;
A wakening sense of wind and chill ;
The leap of habit, not of will ;
A flash of near green depths ; the feel
Of smooth cool shock from brow to heel ;
A throb of quickening thought, a strange
Burst of cold light—and O the change !

Bright breaks the day ! A golden haze
Stirs in the long dew-laden sprays
Of wild blush-rose and trailing thorn,
Lights laughing in the breath of morn.
Broad breaks the day ! The brown banks seem
To race upon the dancing stream ;
The rushes blink in quaint surprise,
Wave-startled with a thousand eyes,
And merry blossoms from the grass
Twinkle good Morrow as we pass.
Swift down the stream ! The silver streak
Curls whispering from the glowing cheek ;
O'er curving arm a crystal shower
Crowns the smooth rush of conscious power.
Strong speeds the stroke ! Too swift to heed
On wrist and knee the clinging weed ;
Through the green tendrils as they part
The deep-seen water-shadows dart ;
From willow tree a sapphire gleam
Flames into ruby o'er the stream,
Where Kingfisher, his errand sped,
Leaves murmurs in the lily-bed ;
From yew and alder, ripple-clear,
Bright notes break quivering on the ear ;
The wren to mock the morning fills
Its sunbeam path with broken trills ;
The warbler tosses back one ray
In tumult to the laughing day.

Strong speeds the stroke ! In light new born
 We leap to catch the kiss of morn ;
 New hopes salute a summer sky,
 New winds of thought shrill gladly by ;
 Gone is the night and the dusk of showers ;
 Beauty 's awake, and the day is ours !
 Hail to the spirits of morning air !
 Hail to the gods of the wet brown hair !
 Light be the path and joy the race,
 Life is afoot ! We are in chase !

GEOFFREY WINTHORP YOUNG.

MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES

FIRE made them, earth clothed them, man found them,
 Our playmates, the princes of hills,
 Last uttered of time, and love-fashioned
 Of a fullness of knowledge, impassioned
 For freedom : boy-hearts, royal wills,
 Sun nursed them, wind taught them, frost crowned them.

Cloud-children unbroken, unyielding
 To the burthens of ocean and plain,
 They have grown in their morning of beauty,
 Unbound by man's service of duty,
 Unmarred by the bondmen of gain,
 Earth aiding, time watching, fear shielding.

Dawn only, mist only, rain only
 Have shared in their childhood of kings,
 In fastness, in freedom unfolding
 Beneath glacier and snow-wreath, upholding
 A shelter of sleep-white wings,
 Most secret, most silent, most lonely.

Slow moons, wan stars without number
 Have woven their glamour of rest,
 With lulling glow-light enwreathing
 Their tremulous forests, breathing
 In moan o'er each mountain breast,
 Sunk in slumber, in deep dream-slumber.

And when rest and when dreams have departed,
 Their pastime is radiant of day ;
 For rivals, the winds in wild meeting,
 For sport, the shrill torrent retreating,
 For love, the light sunbeam at play :
 Storm-voiced, granite-limbed, crystal-hearted.

Light o'er them, life with them, peace round them,
 They have waited in masterless strength
 For the moment of mortal awaking,
 When, bright on new vision up-breaking,
 Far beacons of freedom, at length
 Art saw them, hope sought them, youth found them.

Not for man, not for craft to dethrone them
 From childland, from cloudland, from truth ;
 Grief, seek them, prince playmates of pleasure !
 Toil, know them, best comrades of leisure !
 In freedom, in vision, in youth
 Time leave them, love guard them, joy own them !

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

TEWKESBURY ROAD

IT is good to be out on the road, and going one knows
 not where,
 Going through meadow and village, one knows not
 whither nor why ;
 Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen
 cool rush of the air,
 Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift
 of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern
at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-
gloves purple and white ;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop
to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on
of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of
the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power
of words ;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple
with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry
of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

LAUGH and be merry, remember, better the
world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a
wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length
of a span.
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant
of man.

Laugh and be merry : remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine
of His mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars : the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of
the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine out-
poured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played ; and be you merry, my
friends.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

IN THE POPPY FIELD

MAD Patsy said, he said to me,
That every morning he could see
An angel walking on the sky ;
Across the sunny skies of morn
He threw great handfuls far and nigh
Of poppy seed among the corn ;
And then he said, the angels run
To see the poppies in the sun.

A poppy is a devil weed,
I said to him—he disagreed :
He said the devil had no hand
In spreading flowers tall and fair
Through corn and rye and meadow land,
By garth and barrow everywhere :
The devil has not any flower,
But only money in his power.

And then he stretched out in the sun
And rolled upon his back for fun :
He kicked his legs and roared for joy
Because the sun was shining down,
He said he was a little boy
And would not work for any clown :
He ran and laughed behind a bee,
And danced for very ecstasy.

JAMES STEPHENS.

THE ETERNAL WEDDING

EVEN as a wind that hasteth round the world
From out cold hours fill'd with shadow of earth,
To pour alight against the risen sun ;
So unto thee adoring, out of its shadow
Floweth my spirit, into the light of thee
Which Beauty is, and Joy. From my own fate,
From out the darkness wherein long I fared
Worshipping stars and morsels of the light,
Through doors of golden morning now I pass
Into the great whole light and perfect day
Of shining Beauty, open to me at last.
Yea, into thee now do I pass, beloved :
Beauty and thou are mine !

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

LIGHT

LIIGHT, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light !
Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life ; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love ; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light.
Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE
(from *Gitanjali*).

JOY

LET all the strains of joy mingle in my last song—the joy that makes the earth flow over in the riotous excess of the grass, the joy that sets the twin brothers, life and death, dancing over the wide world, the joy that sweeps in with the tempest, shaking and waking all life with laughter, the joy that sits still with its tears on the open red lotus of pain, and the joy that throws everything it has upon the dust, and knows not a word.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE
(from *Gitanjali*).

MORNING WORK

A GANG of labourers on the piled wet timber
That shines blood-red beside the railway
siding
Seem to be making out of the blue of the
morning
Something faery and fine, the shuttles sliding,

The red-gold spools of their hands and faces shuttling
 Hither and thither across the morn's crystalline frame
 Of blue : trolls at the cave of ringing cerulean mining,
 And laughing with work, living their work like a game.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

THE HUXTER

HE has a hump like an ape on his back ;
 He has of money a plentiful lack ;
 And but for a gay coat of double his girth
 There is not a plainer thing on the earth
 This fine May morning.

But the huxter has a bottle of beer ;
 He drives a cart and his wife sits near
 Who does not heed his lack or his hump ;
 And they laugh as down the lane they bump
 This fine May morning.

EDWARD THOMAS.

FROM "ODE FOR EASTER MORNING"

WAKE, wake, my Thought ! the year's delight
 is born ;
 Hark, the young loves within the valley
 sing !
 Long since thy peers, the Church, the
 Earth, this morn
 Were out to hail a gladness named of Spring.
 Who shall be earliest there ? O happy race,
 Begun in winter of a three-days' gloom
 To end beside what doubly-hallowed place
 Of the full garner and the open tomb !

Up, dear sluggard ! blessing trine,
 Religion's and the Earth's and thine,
 Sang my spirit out to play ;
 Up, my sweet, keep holiday !

This is thy dawning as all feast-days are,—
 Even that high abstract tide of the Trinity
 Our sacred duty with thy health doth share,
 And O how much thine own must Easter be !
 Easter, that does our byword quite disprove,
 For in green-sprinkled trees and pricking grain,
 In alleluias of men's choric love,
 Christmas in one year is come back again !
 Up, dear sluggard ! hath the rhyme
 Caught thee ere thy waking-time ?
 The sun is up and out to play ;
 Up, my sweet, keep holiday !

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY JACK

YOU merry folk, be of good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.
 From open door you'll take no harm
 By winter if your hearts are warm ;
 So ope the door, and hear us carol
 The burthen of our Christmas moral—

Be ye merry and make good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year ;
 Scrape the fiddle and beat the drum,
 And bury the night ere morning come

There was an inn beside a track,
 As it might be, the Jolly Jack ;
 Upon a night, whate'er its name,
 There they kept Christmas all the same.
 They sit in jovial round at table,
 While Christ was lying in the stable.

They make merry and have good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year ;
 They scrape the fiddle and beat the drum,
 And they'll bury the night ere morning come.

The jolly landlord stands him up,
 And welcomes all to bite and sup ;
 He has a hearty face and red,
 He knows not Who lies in his shed.
 What harm, if he be honest and true,
 That he may be Christ's landlord too.

So he makes merry and has good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year ;
 He scrapes his fiddle and beats his drum,
 And he'll bury the night ere morning come.

The landlord's son sits in his place,
 He bows his head and says his grace ;
 He leads his partner to the dance,
 And the light of love is in his glance.
 If his thoughts are handsome as his face,
 What matter if Christ be in the place ?

So he makes merry and has good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year ;
 He scrapes his fiddle and beats his drum,
 And he'll bury the night ere morning come.

Of all the folk that night, I ween,
 Some were honest and some were mean ;
 If all were honest, 'twas well for all,
 For Christ was sleeping in the stall.
 But never may Englishmen so fare
 That they at Christmas should forbear—

SONGS OF JOY

To make them merry and have good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year ;
To scrape the fiddle and beat the drum
And bury the night ere morning come.

GEOFFREY SMITH.

THE END



